

A

Consolatory Poem :

ADDRESS'D

TO HIS

Most Sacred Majesty.

By *W. PARTRIDGE*; Ex Aulâ *B. Mariæ*
Magd. Oxon.

Vincet Amor Patriæ, laudumq; immensa cupido. Virg.



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Printed for *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms-Inn*,
in *Warwick-Lane*, 1695.

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Consolatory Poem, &c.

I Nspire me, *Muse*, with some peculiar Fire,
 Since Grief congeal'd the Heats of my Desire;
 Those Glorious Beams, which did dispense us Light,
 Are now retir'd within the Shades of Night;
 Whose Envious Sable Coverts shroud the Dawn,
 Her Sparkling, Radiant Lustre now with-drawn.

Illustrious Prince! vouchsafe I humbly may,
 Submissive Incense at Her Altar pay,
 Tho' Seraphims Triumphant guard the Way:
 Immortal Glory must perpetuate Fame,
 Since Time it self can't terminate Her Name;
 The God's proclaim'd Her Summons whence She came:
 Her Soul soar'd hence, to Regions of the Blest,
 There to enjoy Infinity of Rest.

Too long (*Dread Sir!*) Your Grief You may sustain,
 'Ere This, diffus'd o're ev'ry Hill and Plain,
 Whirl'd o're the Surface of the Liquid Main:

This *Belgia* did, in Mournful Accents, tell,
 Repeating oft Her Direful, Funeral Knell!
 In ev'ry Region, underneath the Sky,
 The Rural Swains their Tuneful Pipes employ,
 In Pastoral Lays compose Her Elegy :
 Then to the Neighbouring Woods they do repair,
 To Heaven they send their 'plaints, thro' yielding Air;
 Elect tall Trees, the Wonder of the Groves,
 And there engrave their Sorrows, and their Loves :
 From thence, to Purling Streams they do retire,
 To mitigate the Thirst of Grief's Desire ;
 Neglected Flocks, in careless Order, stray,
 And Kids, and Lambs, to Wolves expos'd a Prey.

But (*Oh Eternal Powers!*) You, who dispense,
 Scepters to Kings, by Sacred Providence;
 Be once Propitious in the Highest Kind,
 To calm the Anguish of His tortur'd Mind :
 Divert His Cares by some more Noble Way,
 Inspire His Thoughts on each Victorious Day,
 Adorn'd with Triumphs, to appear more Gay:
 Tho' to condole Her Absence here, is just,
 (The last Oblation to so Great a Trust;) }
 By Grief's Excels, imprudently He may
 The Vital Lamp extinguish with the Day;

Might Tears prevail, such Streams from Fountains flow,
 As wou'd, in time, into a Deluge grow;
 But they, alas! their Rills are spent in vain,
 Retrieve no more, than Flouds, or Showers of Rain;
 And tho' our Sorrow may find some Relief,
 By these Attendants usual to our Grief;
 Yet Life extinct, they Vivifie no more,
 Than Salt, that quenches Flames, can Flames restore.

Desist, (*Heroick Prince!*) Mourn, Mourn no more!
 All *Europe* does Your Mighty Loss Deplore.
 Tho' Solemn Rites are fit; yet long suspense,
 Might question Justice of Omnipotence.
 Great as You are, King of Your Self appear,
 Exempt from Grief, as You are void of Fear:
 Pursue those Paths of Honour, justly due;
 By Powers Above, Ordain'd for none but You.
 Were Transmutation true, as *Bards* Proclaim,
 Your Soul from *Alexander*, hither came,
 Or from the *Mighty Caesar's* equal Fame.
 Conquest by Fate, Attends your Valorous Arms;
 Inspir'd, undaunted at your Foes Alarms:
 O're Sorrow, triumph, as o're dangerous Toyl;
 Appear Your Self, Vouchsafe a Glorious Smile.

Rouze, Rouze to Arms! Your wonted Courage calls,
 Your humble Suppliants are Your Generals;
 Your Foreign Army droops, expecting, wait
 For You, their Hopes, Joy, Life, and happy Fate;
 Clouds must disperse, if You appear Serene,
 And dismal Woe it self retire, unseen,
 Behind the Covert of Oblivions Screen.

Tho' Turtle-like, You Her sad Lofs bemoan,
 And Love it self, invokes some piteous Groan;
 Yet Marshal Glory can't admit Delay,
 Triumphant Lawrels Crown the Victor's Way.
 You, You alone, the Gods Blest, bring
 To our Distress, our Saviour, and our King.
 Excessive Passions equally destroy;
 Extrems of Grief, is thos of sudden Joy,
 Impulse the Spirits Vital, till we die.

Cease to Lament, Three Nations doe Implore;
 As God's Vicegerent, they Your Worth adore;
 On You depends their Supplage of Store;
 For when the lofty Oak, the Groves chief Pride,
 Unnerv'd by Rain, falls on a Mountains side,
 The lesser Trees, and under Shrubs do find
 Themselves Expos'd to every Storm of Wind.

Hence

Hence all the dire Calamities of State,
 Hence Civil Wars, and thence intestine Hate;
 Witness, (O Monstrous Times ! Eternal dread !)
 How Madness rag'd ! their Royal Martyr dead !
 Distracted Fury did possess the Rout,
 And swift Destruction flew the Land throughout !

I urge One *Maxim* yet, for *Albion's* sake,
 Your Tribulation does Your Foes awake;
 Promotes new Courage to the *Gallick* Pride,
 Bold at the first, but more Reserv'd when try'd.
 These modest Truths, Your own Exploits declare,
 Your Soul's instinct for War, of Grief beware.
Darius did his Captive Queen bemoan,
 He Conquer'd was ; You justly Rule alone.
 Yet to Her Shrine, true Sorrow ought no less
 Than Offerings pay, but not to an Excess.

As lesser Heroes do advance Renown,
 By Acts, tho' Great, unworthy of a Crown;
 Unbounded Yours, the Diadem adorn ;
Heralds Salute You Trophies every Morn.
 To You, alone, we Adoration pay ;
 In You, our Chief, we all our Safety lay :
 Your Advent' Page to brave Repute will bring ;
 Victorious Conduct dignifies a King.

Tho' She is gone, and with Her fled away
 Creation's Loveliest Part, which ought to stay;
 Tho' Her Excelling Virtues were Compleat,
 And Graces chose Her Mansion their Retreat;
 Tho' High Perfections, and so vast, we find
 Truly proportion'd to so Great a Mind,
 Proclaim'd Her *Mirror of all Woman-kind*:

Yet Cease to Mourn, from Sorrow now Refrain;
 Condolance, tho' Sincere, is all in vain:
 If Kings from Gods their True Effigies bear,
 And Represent their Ordination here;
 'Twou'd derogate from Attributes of Fame,
 By Grief, to lessen that All-Glorious Name.

Hail, *Royal Sir!* Happy be Your joy;
 Three Nation's Pride, to Eoes alone Annoy
 'Tis Your Indulgence does endear each Soul,
 Whose Influential Rays, without Controul,
 Birth gives to Bliss, and Honour to the Throne;
 'Tis God-like to be Great, and Rule Alone;
 So Good! so Wise! so Merciful! so Kind!
 So Justly Pious! so Sincere in Mind!
 Your Qualities from Humane seem Refin'd!

Since Ravenous Death does unrelenting prove,
 And no Returns will make Bewailing Loss:

Since

Since he is deaf to all our Pray'rs and Tears,
 And obstinate, in spite of all our Fears;
 Arm, Arm, (*Great Sir!*) before his Trumpet found,
 Left Grief expose You to a Second Wound;
 His Grim pale Ghost, at last, will Conquer All,
 Victim, and Victor too, before him fall:
 An Age, at least, You may prevent him still,
 Do but Recall Your Courage to Your Will;
 Exert Your Soul, (to Gods Themselves ally'd)
 Unconquer'd yet, as often as 'twas Try'd:
 Consider, Sighs do vanish into Air,
 As Bodies Macerated are, by Care,
 And *Tabid* grow, by Vexing and Despair.

Enough! enough! Cease longer to torment
 Your Matchless Self, with racking Discontent;
 Envelope Grief no more within Your Mind,
 Be to Your Self, and to Your Subjects, Kind:
 Distant and Near, All Loyally Address,
 Your Life, and Health, unfeignedly Carefs:
 Great Britain's Safety does on You depend,
 Their Lives and Fortunes they to You Commend:
 Nay, *Belgia* too, and the *Confederates* All,
 Are to Your Interest link'd, Reciprocal:
 Your Enemies amaz'd, expecting stand,
 And dread th' Event of Your All-wise Command:

Then from dejected Mourning; raise Your Head,
 Tho' Softer Joys are frustrate now She's dead.
 Arise! arise! To Your Great Charge repair;
 Your Power does Rival the Great God of War:
 Conquest it self attends; Your Trumpets sound;
 And Victory from Hills and Vales around,
 Rejoycing, beat the Rocks, and then Rebound:
 Nay, Echoes too, which do deceive Mankind,
 By flattering *What* we dearly left behind,
 As tho' Inspir'd in their Divine Abodes,
 To speak Prophetick Raptures from the Gods;
 As Ecstasy'd, the Joyful News to hear,
 Repeat, without Cessation, every where:
 The Nymphs and Fawns receive it in the Groves,
 Divulge the News to late Forsaken Loves:
 The Joy is heard o're all the Spacious Plains,
 And does Revive dejected, dying Swains;
 Neglected Pipes, which useless were before,
 Your Tryumphs play, and Sorrow is no more.

Launch forth, my *Muse*! Once more, let Me declare
 The Excellence of Your *Illustrious Fair*;
 Permit, with *Sacred Reverence*, I Raise
 Monuments Stupendious to Her Praise;
 Such *Pyramids* to Her *Memorial* due,
 As shall Eternize both Her Fame, and You.

On *Adamantine Columns*, I'll Rehearſe
 Her Spotleſs Virtues in *Immortal Verſe* ;
 In *Characters* Indelibly Sublime,
 Shall laſt beyond the Mouldring Fate of Time.

Th' *Omniscient Gods* thought Her too good for Earth,
 Requir'd Her early Tribute due to Death,
 The *Finite Limits* of a Gasp of Breath :
 From *Thence*, Translated to a Throne Divine,
 Where *Virtuous Acts* Refulgent ever Shine ;
 Where *Io Pæens* Angels ever ſing!
 Melodious Anthems over *Death* and *Sin* !
 Conſorts of *Cherubs*, *Hallelujahs* Ring !
 Where Joys Eternal circle, and declare
 What Beatifick, Real Bliffes are,
 For Piety, prepar'd by th' *Almighty's* Care :
 Where, from Her Droſſy, *Mundane* Part ſet Free,
 She does Embrace an Immortality ;
 And all the *Charming Choire*, with *Transports* found,
 Proclaim Bleſt Peace, in an *Eternal Round* !

L O N D O N ,
F I N I S.

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Old Bailey,

At the Sign of the Crown, in Warwick-Lane. 1751.
